

3.  
A  
New Fairing

FOR

The Merrily Disposed :

Or, the Comical

HISTORY

Of the Famous

MERRY ANDREW,

W. PHILL—

GIVING

AN ACCOUNT

OF HIS

Pleasant Humours, } Cheats, Frolicks, &

Various Adventures, } Cunning Designs

Both in City and Country.

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LONDON: Printed by J. Wallis, and Sold  
by most Book-Sellers. 1688.

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*R. P.*



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NEW FORT

IN THE

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NEW YORK

IN SENATE





THE  
INTRODUCTION  
TO THE  
READER.

**I**F Merriment and Good Humour have their share in thy Composition, I here present thee with an Entertainment wholly Jocular, which will tickle thy Spleen, yet raise no rebellious Passions with the most passionate Expressions; but lest the biting of this Tarantula should make thee Dye with Laughter, I have introduced a Crowder whose Harmonious Phancies are able to allay thy most Extravagant Mirth. The Subject of this Discourse was a Person who had Mercury for his Ascendant in Conjunction with Venus, which render'd him Witty and Amorous, whose Power influenc'd his whole Life with the constant Intrigues of Love and Design.



He was the famous D R O I L of his Time, whose Reputation since has given Name to all his Successors, and will Flourish in the World till Shows are out of date, and Bartholomew-Fair it self swallowed up in Oblivion. His part was to Act, whilst they who thought themselves wiser Men, only played the Fool. His Name is called Merry Andrew, I here give no Account of his Genealogy nor do I know what Relation he had to a Saint of that Name, more than that as you find in the following Account, he never quitted a Place but he left a Cross behind him.

As to the other Excellencies of his parts, besides his Wit, I can say little to 'em, though I believe him not unskilful in Politicks, by the several Doubles he makes through the whole Course of his Adventures; and had he Liv'd in the Age when Caligula made his Horse a Consul, he could not have missed of Secretary of State.

I must Confess here are no eminent displays of his Courage, though I believe it was keen as Mustard, of which we should not have wanted some proofs, had he lived in a Country as fertile in Giants as other Regions are fain'd: For he was a Tarlton upon the Stage, Roscius in his Mimicks, in his plots a Guzman, and if the first Inventor of a Rat-Trap by the Cathinthians, had an Obelesk erected to his memory, his great Efforts of Wit deserved a Pyramid for his Monument. In short, he was a Person of  
for



those prodigious Parts that I question whether the Wit of Ten Men could compose a Poet like him.

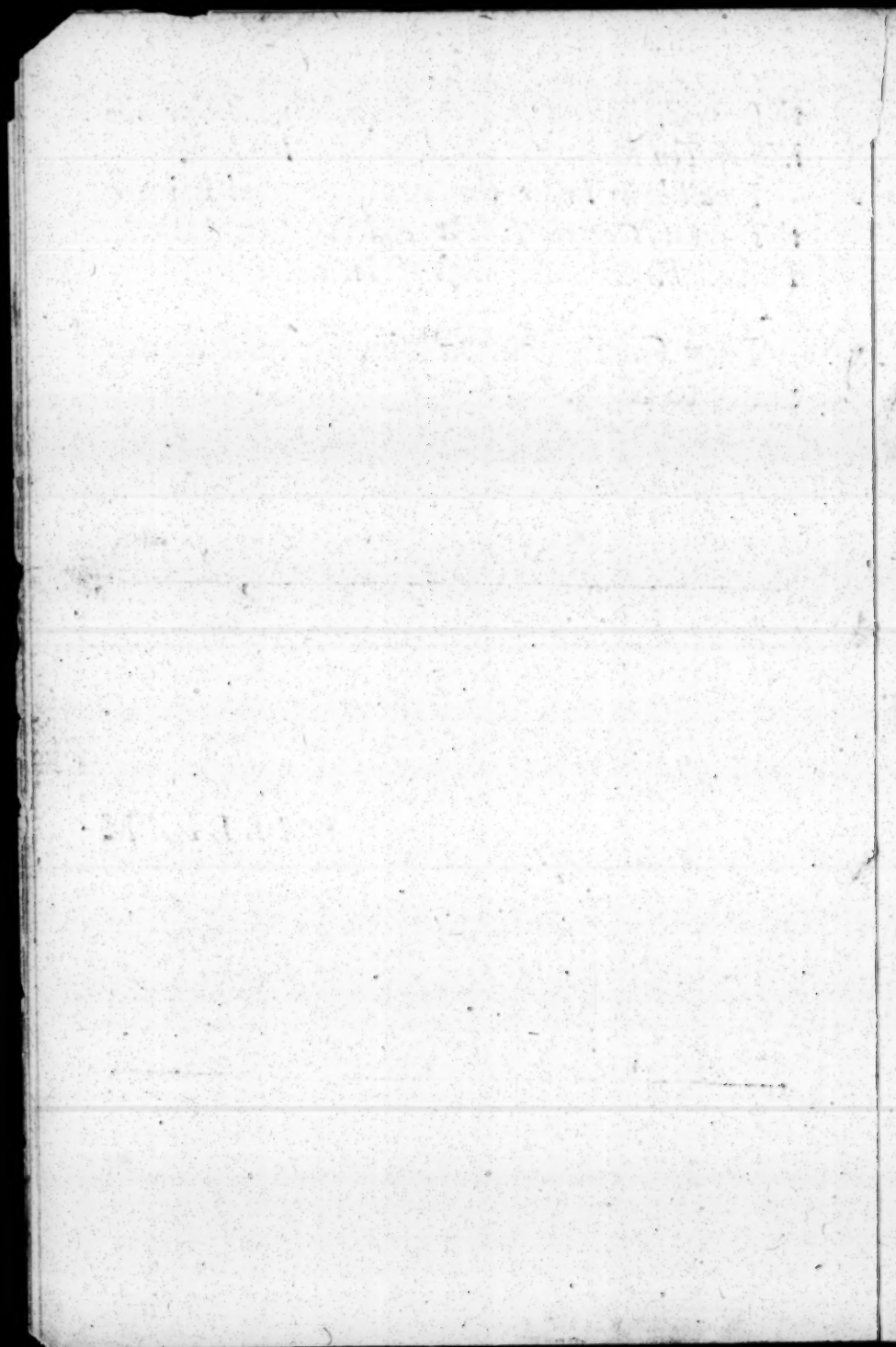
I shall be no longer thy Remora from Enjoying this great Cargoe of Wit and Humour, but take Leave in his Common Phrase of Invitation :

Pray Gentlemen walk in, for now we are ready to begin.

---

WILLIAM

---





*A New Fairing for the Merrily  
Disposed, &c.*

**W**ILLIAM the Subject of this Discourse was Born in a Dark Entry, near *Rose-Mary-Lane*, the House being obscure his Birth was no ways Remarkable, more than that his Mother lost a Father for her Child before he came into the World; But to avoid mistakes, he was got in the state of *Wedlock*. Nature ripen'd in him apace, for he was a Man of Art at Twelve Years Old, and could mend the Seam-rips of any mans habiliments: but that was but a Cloud to his inward Vertues, and soon was blown off. Now he's clim'd up to a Man, and only wants *Business* to shew himself, so that one Day being incumbred with Idleness, he resolves to Divert his vacant Hours, but by what means he was doubtful, at last his thoughts running the Summer set, he jumpt upon this Conceit, which was to

go take the Air, or as the Old Wife says, *walk a making Loyter-Pins*, and Tempt Fortune for some Lucky Adventure, but could not pitch upon any particular place; by which you may guess he had no State-Affairs in his head, yet at last he thought of *St. James's Park, Grays-Inn Walks, Lambs-Courduit Fields*, being places where Gentlemen sometimes pass o'r their idle hours, yet none of these did agree with his Inclination, but shapes his Course for another part of the Town more remote, concluding with himself that the Borough of *Southwark* is the most proper Scene for a new Design, because not far from the *Bear-Garden*, yet too near the *Marshalsey's*. All Difficulties laid aside, over the Bridge he stalk'd, and with twenty gasings and some few stops, he weathers the poynt of *St. Margaret's Hill*, where on a sudden tossing up his Eyes, they were catch'd by a Mountebanks Stage, surrounded by a Regiment of such Volunteers as himself, though they were of all sorts Male and Female, amongst which Crowd stood an Old Fish Wife, looking attentively towards the Stage, her Mouth as wide open as a gaping Oyster Barrel. *William* seeing her, stoops down and picks up two or three Oyster-shells, then taking his opportunity, chucks them

them into her Mouth, well plumpt Cryes the by-standing boys: she starts shutting her mouth, the shells set her Chops a bleeding, and before she could put her tongue in a posture to scold, he slips into another part of the Throng, but as he past along he spyes a goury Shop-keeper, being a Crimpling Spectator, and very careful of his Feet, yet *William* without any remorse makes a false step upon his Toes, at which he roars out, down tumbles *Will.* and shoots himself into a fresh quarter of the People, at that instant out comes Jack Pudding, roaring in his party coloured Cloaths, and his Flat Cap like a pyde Bull with his Horns saw'd off, where after a quarter of an hours impudent ignorance, spoken in all the absurd and balderdash ways that could be, the famous Operator appears, after twenty sower Faces and lousie shrugs, he begins to accost the Mobile: *Goode People*, and so runs on in a large Lying Oration; but when he came to the second repeating of his *Destructives Remedy*, says he, *I come for all your Goods*, that's a Lye, says *William*, for half of us don't believe you. The Doctor replies, Friend where doe you Live, that thus dares to interrupt me, why says *William*, I live in *Whore and Bastard Lane*, next door to your



Mothers, Sirrah, repli'd the Quack, your  
 Manners is worn out, and can't be mended  
 but at the Carts-Arse; nor your Honesty  
 and Skill known says *William*, till you look  
 through a wooden-hole Casement for a  
 Cheat, Sirrah, Sirrah, cries *Jack Pudding*,  
 I'll silence you strait; with that *William*  
 steps to a Woman that sold Dump-  
 lings, Mother says he, Mr. *Pudding* sent me  
 for a Dumpling, how shall I know that  
 says she? you shall see me deliver it says  
*William*; she gives him one, he goes to the  
 corner of the Stage, and when the Fool  
 was in the height of his Ribbaldry, *William*  
 hits him in the Mouth with a Dumpling,  
 some of the hot Liquor flying in his Eyes;  
 he howl'd, the Doctor stamp't, there was  
 Mirth and Vexation mixt to the general  
 Satisfaction of the Spectators; when the  
 Rabble had laught till their Follies were  
 weary; the Fool swore, the Quack fretted;  
 and both wish'd themselves a hundred miles  
 off: *William* in a by-corner had made a  
 party of two-leg'd Brutes, such as frequent  
 those Meetings, and came to the front of  
 the Stage, where he demanded money for  
 the Dumpling: The soberer sort expected to  
 have seen him been beaten, or seiz'd by a  
 Constable but when the Mountebank  
 threatned,



threatned, *Williams* Crew bawl'd out, down with the Stage, down with the Stage, which the Doctor hearing, commanded them to keep Peace: At last, after several Extravagancies more between *William* and them, the Doctor came to a parley and entreated a fair Accomodation, which after various Disputes on either side was agreed to: *William* asked leave to mount the Bank, to be a Spectator there, which was willingly allowed. He behaved himself so wittily amongst them, with his fly Tricks and blunt Jokes, that the Mountebank courted him to come and serve him; *William* stood not much upon Punctilio's, considering his present Condition: A Bargain was struck for seven shillings a week, and by that time seven weeks were run away, *William* had made himself famous, insomuch that his Master parts with his old Fool, for a new Knave, and quitting that Station, betakes himself to the Countrey; where *William* is expected to unfold his most taking and waggish Parts, to make *Robin* and *Joan* be-piss themselves, all which he did; and to add to their Delight, he made a Christning, and invited all there present, and as many more as they could draggle along with them the next Market Day to it. The

day came, a great Concourse of *Coutrey Hicks* and *Megs* appear, in the Crowd *William* espied the *Hangman* and a *Serjeant* of the Corporation not far from the Stage, he sets a fellow or two and some of the *Boys* together by the Ears, then comes running out, and craves their help to part them, which they very readily did; for which kindness he invited them upon the Stage, where also was the *Jaylors Wife*, to see a strange Operation on a Childs *Naturals*. So they being all together, he standing between them; takes one in one hand, and another in the other, and told the People that he had lived an *Anabaptist* ever since he came to his *Master*, and now being able to *Answer* for himself, made bold with these *Friends* to be his *Gossips*, and the Name I take is *Merry Andrew*. With that there was a *Shout*, the *Serjeant* bit his *Nails*, the *Hangman* stormed, the *Jaylors Wife* exalted her Voice, which the Rabble perceiving, they fell a pelting. *William* slipt behind the Cloth, the *Gossips* tumbled off the Stage to escape the showers of *Turnip Tops*, *Stones*, *Dirt*, and what they could find to let them fly at them; the Fray being ended, *William* told them as they liked this, they might come the next day to the *Gossipping*, and so took his leave of them. Now

Now you have seen *William* transform'd into *Andrew*. By the way of digression, I am to tell you, the Doctor being a Man of Frailties, contracted a Friendship, or Marriage with a handsome accepting Sinner; it was as Tying and Religious as *Andrews* Christ'ning, but you know Friendship's a strange Obligation. This the Partner was Argously watch'd by our Mountebank, and for his farther Security, he enjoin'd her, whenever he was on the Stage (his Lodging being opposite to it) to stand at her window with a Vizard on, which she perform'd with diligence: Yet she was not so warm to him, as to be Ice to all others; for I must give you to understand, that *Andrews* many conceited Pranks had begot in her a likeing to his Person, as well as Parts; nor was he so dull or blind, but he could look through the Longings and Likeings of his titular Mistress; nor did he intend to let the Game pass by him, when he might stand in the Gap and stop it for his own Pleasure. So without any further Circumstance, he puts his Intentions in Execution, and in few days found his Design take. She was absolutely willing, and nothing but Conveniency of time and place wanting, which he undertook to compass.

On a day when *Andrew* by his Officiousness and Jollity of Humor, had drawn a vast Audience before him, taking the advantage of the Doctors being busie in delivering out his Medecines, he whispers in one of the fellows Ears, *I'm* troubled with the Gripes, if the Doctor ask for me, tell him so; when stepping home he met the Maid of the house, being one whom he use to toy with, *I'll* lay thee a Shilling *Doll*, says he, that you don't stand a quarter of an hour looking out of our Window, with this Mask on; Done, cries *Doll*. not guessing at his purpose: Up he brings her, and when he saw his Master turn about to take a Packet, he gives his Mistress a pull, and thrust *Doll* to the Casement. You may imagine the Game was not long a playing, they having so few Cards to deal. When done, *Andrew* repairs to the Bank with many a Crab-look, how now *Andrew*? says the Doctor, are thy Gripes off? Oh! Sir, said *Andrew*, I thought one of my Puddings had been coming out, but afer half a dozen sits it shrunk back again into my Belly. I believe Nature was over charg'd, 'tis well *Andrew*, said the Dr. it went off so quick. Now leave we them, and go back to *Doll*. she being intent of winning her Weager, never minded what they did; when

when *Andrew* was gone, the Mistress pulls *Doll* away, Oh! cries she, *I won't loose my Shilling, are these your Tricks to save Andrew's Money? this is foul play, I will be judged by the Doctor else, which startled the Lady so much, that she flung the Maid a Shilling, and bid her pay Andrew if he claim'd it, if not, keep it for her self. Doll hearing this, went away very well pleased.*

You have seen what a Progress *Andrew* has made at his first Entrance on the Stage of the World, Extravagance was his Introduction, and as wildly he pursued it through the continu'd Course of his adventurous Life; for having debauch'd his Mistress, his Appetite grew dull, fresh matter must be found for his changeable *Genius* to work upon. It so fell out, that the Landlady where they lay had a Daughter tempting enough, yet not over laded with Virtue, as it was imagined by *Andrew*, her Name is *Isabel*. To her *Andrew* lays Siege to her, but it was beat off with much loss of time: Then, as Envy enters old Women, and so they become *Witches*: so Revenge steps in, with his new flighted *Passions*; he casts about how to put a Trick upon her, that the Town might ring of her Miscarriage. And as he was meditating in a low Room  
about



about the Project, *Isbel* pass'd by the Window, whom he calls to him, and very gravely entreated her to fasten his Crevat-string: she came to the Window, putting in her hands on each side the Bar, he catcht fast hold of her Arms, and with a Napkin he had in his Hand, ty'd them together within; then putting his hand over her, pluckt up her Coats, and pinn'd them to her Back, she struggling to get loose discovered bare both 'fore and aft. Away got he, and in comes a *Stage-Coach* with *Travellers*, who lighting and seeing *Isbel* stand so, thought she was to have suffered the *Last*: One of the Maids coming out, espy'd her, and runs and hides her Posteriors, whilst another within set her at Liberty. The Boys grinn'd, the Women smil'd with a cast-down look, the men as you may guess laugh'd out aloud, and you may easily imagine that all the Effects of *Rage* and *Fury* reign'd in our thus affronted *Isabel*: But the first Effects are brought forth in Tears, the common Expressions of womens Grief; in this Flood of Dolour, her Sweet-Heart coming in, was surpriz'd at the running over of the Springs, her Eyes; whom she perceiving through her warry Prospect, nothing but Death could be her Comfort. *Andrew* stand-



standing privately above in the [Gallery, saw their *Meeting*, and throws down a Chamber-Pot upon them both, and then conveys himself away so clandestinely, that he was not discovered. They immediately *wiping* themselves, begin to enquire who it was that had serv'd them so : No body was suspected, nor any one owning it, it shew'd that one Cross was the forerunner of another ; they withdrew into a by Room, to have a full *Hearing* of their former Misfortunes, and to consider who this was that had water'd them with the Piss-pot ; after many *Arguments* between them, they vow a Secret *Revenge* to *Andrew* ; for you must know, the Lover was Valiant in nothing but in Protestation of his Affections to her, and that he might the better apply some Comfort to her afflicted Spirits, he (with a bundle of Oaths to be true) obtains a Grant of *Enjoying* that Trifle, which ignorant young Folks think a *Blessing*, but find a Cross all their life time after ; an hour hence in the Hen-Rooft is thought the most convenient time and place, where the Battle of Love and Lust may be fought, besides it would be then dark, for they durst not trust themselves in the House. *Andrew* having been smartly imployed with a Country

trey

trey Fellow about the Tooth-Ach; and  
 finding the dull Clod of Earth softned for  
 any Impression; first pulls out the Tooth,  
 then tells him to be sure never to have it  
 again, is to have a hole bored through his  
 left Ear: The Dunce contented to have it  
 done on the *Stage* for a famous Operation:  
*Andrew* to make the People merry, and do  
 the Fool not much hurt, whips a hot Iron  
 through his Ear, washes it a little, then  
 puts as big a Padlock on't as he could get  
 the Hasps in; telling he must appear with  
 it six Market Days, and never leave it till  
 the time's expired, which he promised to  
 do accordingly, and so *Andrew* dismissed  
 him. Being afterwards invited to a Jovial  
 Dames House, to meet some mad Wenches  
 at a Supper; he to encrease the Feast, comes  
 home, and thinking of his Landladies Poul-  
 trey, resolves to make more room in the  
 Roost, by picking out a Couple of fat  
 Pullers, which he thought would be accep-  
 table to the Company he was to meet: Ma-  
 king an Excuse to go to the House of Eva-  
 cuation, in order to his being more near to  
 the Covey he was to plunder; a small time  
 it was, but enough for him who wanted a  
 Load, more than to lighten himself. He  
 was forc'd to mount a Ladder at the end  
 of

of a Barn joyning to the Garden, to accomplish his Ends: up he creeps, and goes carefully and softly in, lays hold of a Fowl, and jerks off her head, and crossing over to feed for another, tumbles down; the first thing he felt was a bare Thigh of *Isabells*, she durst not Crye out, nor *Andrew* make a Noise fearing he should lose his Hen, he groaping, found that the Beast with two Backs had been made there; and by the mutter of their Voices knew 'twas *Isabell* and her *Enamorado*. Down got he and removes the Ladder, and away he highs to the Gang that waited his coming, leaving the Affrighted Couple to pearch there till Morning; but by the help of the Ostler coming for Hay they got down; and stole into their Lodging undiscovered; the Secret remaining in his Discretion which for that time did not come out:

*Andrew* has now forgot where he left his frightened *Isabel*, and is wholly intent to the present frolicks. The *Musick* played, the Lasses are tugg'd, the Men drunk, and the Married Women jolly, all turn'd into a Chaos and Confusion of Humours. At last the dreadful sound comes, *What's to Pay?* *Andrew* starts up, Not a Man pays a farthing here but me. A Loving Soul crouds half

a Crown into his hand, a Half-Seas man's Wife treads on his Toes and palms him Two Shillings, Another beckons him into a Corner, where he gives her a Token of his Kindness, and she pop for pop, pops him a George, She being the only sweet Soul amongst them all. The Men scorning to suffer him to Treat them and their Wives, throw down the Reckoning.

*Friends* (Cry'd he) *you may come to repent of this hasty parting with your Money*; No not they, they Answer'd with an Oath. *Andrew* gathers up all the Money, *Well Friends* (says he) *I'll have the honour of paying the House*, with all their hearts, he put a health about, and goes down Stayrs, and marches off with all the Money. They beginning to be Cloy'd with Drink, Enquire for *Andrew*, but he is not to be found, Well, come, let us go then, *Who pays?* (says the Hostels) *Mr. Andrew*, reply'd the Women, *He is gone* (says she) *and not payed a Penny*: At that word there was a general silence through the whole Assembly; a thing to be wondred at considering what was done, and what they had been doing. But after divers angry postures amongst the Men, Women, and Maids, of scratching their Elbows, Buttocks and Flancks; a smart Lass that had a Vio-

lent

lent Itching for *Andrew*, broke out of the Dumb Astonishment, and says, this is a Device of his, to make us Laugh another Time, let us free our selves now, and cry quittance with him when we next get him at advantage. The motion took, by reason the Women were too Drunk to scold, and the Men besotted with the Surprize. So a Common-Purse was made, the *Hofess* Discharged, and they went staggering home to Sleep, and never Dreamt how they should come by their Money again.

*Andrew* went to his Quarters, the Ostler being his great Crony, he up and told him what he had done; and they were both pleased with the Slur which he had put upon them.

In return of *Andrew's* Relation, the Ostler acquaints him with the Condition he found *Isabel* and her Unfortunate Friend in, and what Room he lay: The Devil straight enters *Andrew*, and out he goes; At the Gate lived a Butcher who had killed some Sheep for the Market four miles off, and had hung One up by the Gambrells at his Door. *Andrew* fetched a Truuk which he used to shoot Pease with at the Boys, puts that through a hole into the Shop, and blows out the Candle; then takes the whole Sheep



Sheep on his back, and carries it softly up into the young mans Chamber ; where he was fast a-sleep in his Bed, he lays the dead Sheep by him, and goes his way into the next Room, where the Ostler and he sit down to watch what would become of the Mutton. The Spark waking finds something lyes heavy by him, Jostles it, but could not make it stir, putting out his hand to feel what it was, feels the cold skin of the dead Sheep, when whipping in his hand again he falls to Prayers, shivering and shaking, but turning about to cover his Head, hits his hand against the Nose ; *Ab Lord !* cryes he, stark Dead ! and fell a Groaning most Dreadfully. Overjoy'd with this Account, away goes *Andrew* and the Ostler, and leaves him in this pitious Coudition.

At Break of Day *Andrew* goes down, where he heard the Butcher Cursing and Swearing, That some Damn'd Rogue had stol'n a whole Sheep from him. *Andrew* putting his Face into the most dissembling Figure he could, seemingly Pities him, though inwardly tickled with this Exploit, Neighbour ( says he ) *come along with me, I had a certain Vision in my Sleep, and me thoughts I saw your Mutton lie on a Bed in our Inn. Let's go see*  
up



up Stayrs, they went, where without any difficulty *the lost sheep was found*; the Merchant half stew'd in his own Liquor was examin'd, the Fright keeping him shaking, rendred him the more suspected; upon which in down right terms he was charg'd with the Theft. *Andrew* upbraids him, the Ostler carries a double Face; and both sweetens and pinches. Before this was all made out and clear'd the Doctor removes his Station to the Borders of *Scotland*, where *Andrew's* Familiarity with his *Mistress* and many other Rogueries were discovered, for which he was turn'd away, and left to juggle himself to *London* again if he could.

His Master and he being parted, the *Northern Air* being somewhat too cold for his Constitution, he was resolv'd to change the Climate, preparing to Steer his Course *Eastward*, to the Metropolitan City of *London*; which had been the place of his Nativity, and former abode: and accordingly over night took leave of his Landlady, intending next morning to be makeing forward on his Journey. Sitting by the Fire and casting his Eyes downwards upon his Carriers, he spies a poor fleeting Sole which by violent Storms and foul weather was just wrackt from the upper Lea-  
C ther;

ther; with that, fetching a deep sigh, and considering the many weary steps he had to make before he should arrive at his wish'd for Post, he thought it fit that such Faults should be amended; with that after having desired his Landlady to fetch a Flagon of Ale, he prayes the Maid of the House to carry his Shoe to the Coblers, which accordingly was done, she speaking to him to under-lay it, which he very decently perform'd.

Having taken leave of his Landlady, and paid for his Drink, he retires to his Chamber to consult with his Pillow, what course he should take for money to defray his Travelling Charges; having now but ten pence half penny left. Coming into his Chamber he begins to pack up all his Implements; which indeed neither required Trunk nor Box to hold them; since a large Pocket, or a sheet of Paper would have inclosed all: he having little else, but some small Pots of Medicines which he had pilfered from his Master, thinking that at one time or another in his Travels he might with them deceive some ignorant Country Boor. He then going to Bed, where lying all night and dreaming of his Pilgrimage: In the Morning he wakes, and getting up,  
pre-

prepares himself for a March: In comes the Coblers Boy, desiring Money for his Master for mending his Shoes; Prithee, says he to the Boy, tell me what is it that thy Master hath done for me? Indeed Sir says the Boy, I cannot tell, then pray go back to thy Master, and desire if he intends to be paid, to send me a Bill for what; the the Cöbler immediately hearing of his Answer, posts to the Clerk of the Town, and tells him that *Merry Andrew* was going from his Master, and wou'd not pay him for his Work, unless he sent him in a Bill; therefore humbly intreats him, to be so kind to draw it up for him. which the Clerk as willingly perform'd. The Bill immediately was sent to *Merry Andrew*, who reading over, found it to be to this Effect.

### Mr. *Andrews* Bill.

For an Underlay  $\frac{1}{2}$  1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

For *Sprigs* to fasten the Heel. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

In all. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

C 2

*Andrew*

*Andrew* considering with himself, and smiling, Orders the Boy to bid his Master come to him, for he did not use to pay Money without an Acquittance and Discharge in full, which before he paid it he would have: The Boy presently fetches his Master, who got the Clerk to accompany him: no sooner did *Andrew* see him, but he tendred down the three half Pence on a Table, and demanded a Discharge in full, which the Clerk writ, and the Cobler sign'd; now, saith Merry *Andrew* let's have Coblers Law, he that hath receiv'd money call for his Pot, at which the Clerk and all the People fell a laughing, that the Cobler was beaten at his own Weapen: the Cobler did generously call for his half dozen, and the Clerk likewise, for the merry Conceit, where Merry *Andrew* got a large Mornings Draught for his Three half Pence, and so set forward on his Journey.

The Day proving fair, the Sun display'd his Beams, which made Merry *Andrew* glad the Cares of his Journey being pretty well thrown out of his Head by the Coblers large mornings Draught; he put on a pace, where coming down a Hill into a pleasant Vale, he over took a Man, whom he no sooner spyed, but he made up to him with  
full

full Sail : *Merry Andrew* accosts him after the old Phrase, *Well over taken Friend, how far Travel you*, Towards *Tork* replies he, at which *Merry Andrew* was Glad, that he had so luckily met with a Companion, who steer'd the same Course with him. They marched on about a Mile further, where on the side of a Hill, stood a very pleasant Seat, which no sooner the Man espyed, but he quickned his pace, and mov'd on faster than ordinary, when coming to a Lane which turn'd up to the House, he made a stop, and putting his hand under his Coat, unbuckled, and took off a *Green Bag*, which *Merry Andrew* supposed to have been *Writings*; but he no sooner had opened it, but out peeps the head of an old decay'd Fiddle, which no sooner *Merry Andrew* saw, but his Heart Caper'd in his Belly. *Merry Andrew* made up to the Fidler, and demanded of him whether he intended to stay at that House; yes, replied the Fidler, I intend to hazard here, and it may be I may make a penny to bear my *Nights Charges*; and if you will stay with me, I shall be glad to Accompany you to your Journeys end: Agreed, says *Merry Andrew*, and moving forwards, the Fidler began to tune up his Instrument; which was no sooner heard;



but out comes the Servants of the *House*; with that, *Merry Andrew* brisks up, *Gentlemen*, says he, will you have a Lesson of good Musick, or see any Agility of Body, Gentlemen Flipflaps or Summerfets? No replied the Servants, our Master is not at home, but if you will give us a Tune or two, we will give what the house will afford, Victuals and Drink; content cries *Merry Andrew*, Rub up your Guts Fiddler, whilst I shew them a Trick for Love. *Merry Andrew* having shewed them some Tricks which caused their Laughter, they rewarded him both with Meat and Money, which the Fiddler seeing, grew angry, and repented he had taken a Partner more taking than himself; but as they walked forward, *Merry Andrew* gave him an equal Dividend of what he had got, which made up the Breach.

Their Stay here having retarded their Journey, Night was drawing on, when they came to a small Thatch'd Village, and and inquired if there were ever an Alehouse; the People answered that *was* it five Mile to any house or Town. Say you so reply'd *Merry Andrew* to his Comrade, who indeed was almost tir'd: Come let's walk as far as we can. They had not Travell'd above

two Miles, but the Night came on so fast, that they grew fearful of loosing their way : *Merry Andrew* looking about, by chance spies a large hay Stack, scituated hard by a house, he considers with himself whether he should venture to make that his *Habitation*, and sleep like a Pig in Pease Straw, or Travel on till they found some Inn ; but the poor Fiddler being weary with his days March, perswaded him to stay, and embrace that Airy Tenement.

Being both agreed, they began to undermine the Stack, and there tumbled in like Swine into a Stry : They had not lain above an hour, but *Merry Andrew* hears a Door clap, and a great Dog bark, which put the poor Fidler and he into a breathing Sweat, thinking that if they should be found there, they would apprehend them for Rogues design'd to rob the House ; with that *Merry Andrew* peeping from under his fringed Canopy, espied a Maid Servant, who was sprinkling the Grass with Nature's wating Pot ; which no sooner she had ended, but turning her round. she met her Fellow-Servant and Sweet Heart, who taking her about the Neck, after his Rustick manner of Salutation, tumbles her upon the Grass, where finishing the work of Generation, He made poor *Andrew* a Pimp in his own Defence.

The Wench being well pleased with what she had then receiv'd, invites her Friend into the Dairy, which *was* a little way from the House, where she makes him to partake of a *Bowl* of Curds and Cream, having provided Sack, Sugar, and several other Toys to heighten the Appetite of her Amorus Lover. *Merry Andrew* over-hearing of this nightly Banquet, resolves to partake of their Cheer, and accordingly creeps from the Eaves of his Castle, and moving geally towards the Dairy; spies a Sheets which he thought very convenient for his Design j and accordingly made use of it, tying the Top with a Strieg in the fashion of a *Shrowd*, he put in upon his *Head*, and thinking *with* himself that his Physiognomy was not altogether suitable, he remembred a piece of Chalk he had in his Pocket, to prevent the slipping of his Dancing Pumps; having taken it out, and rubb'd his Face *with* it, he go's easily to the Milkhouse Door, where he found them *Laughing and in a Height of Merriment*: when of a sudden he and the Fidler made a hideous Noise, which done, *Merry Andeew* immediately enters, *whom they* no looner saw, but the one Scrick'd, the other Trembled, and flying to the House in this Astonishment, left *Merry Andrew* in full

full Possession of all the Dainties, where having filled his Belly. he repaired to his Thatch'd Chamber. Day-light coming on, and casting his Eyes about, he sees the House which appear'd to belong to a Person of no small Quality. Immediately he posts the Fidler to the Door, who after a Lesson, giving good Morrow to the Worshipful, he had half a *Crown* thrown down out of the *Window*, which they lovingly embraced, and so marched *onwards* of their Journey, leaving the Lovers with Fear and Trembling.

They had not Travell'd above six or seven Miles, but *Merry Andrew* began to be troubled with a grumbling in his Guts, whether *with* Cold got in his Lodging, or over loading his Stomach *with* Cheese *Curds*, I *know* not; but he resolves with his Comrade, that the next Alehouse they came to, should supply them with Brandy or some warm Liquor to ease his Grief: Whilst they *were* thus discoursing and *walking* leisurely over a Common, they discern'd a House, which they made up to, imagining it must be an Alehouse by the May Pole standing at the Door, and even as they thought so it proved; for *when* they came at it, they found both Meat and Drink.

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Entring the House, they found none but a lone Woman, whom *Merry Andrew* ask'd if she had any Brandy in the House, she replied yes; having call'd for a Gill of Brandy, they sate them down by the Fire, *Andrew* casteng his Eyes up to a hanging Shelf, he saw a Pye well freight with Beet, Pork, and such other Delicacies as the Countrey did afford: his Brandy having warm'd his Stomach, and eas'd him of the Gripes, he begins to consider with himself, that the Brandy and the Walk together had got him an Appetite, and therefore Contrives how, or *which way* he might supplant the Woman of her Pye, and not have it found out till his departure.

After having tossed off two or three Gills Betwixt his Comrade and himself, with the Civil Assistance of his *Hostess*, he desir'd her to fetch him a Flagon of Beer, saying, too much Brandy *was naught*, tho' indeed he did not think so, only to get her out of the Room, till he could manage his Ingenious Contrivance. The Woman being gone into the Yard to wash her Pot, *Merry Andrew* whips out his Knife, calling to the Fidler, Uncase, Uncase, The Fidler drawing his Fiddle out of the Case, holds the Case under the hanging Shelf, whilst *Andrew* with his Knife



*cuts all the bottom Crust round, and lets the Meat drop into the Case.* The Hostess coming hastily up Stairs from drawing the Beer, *Merry Andrew* hearing her, runs hastily to the Door, where making a false Step at the Threshold, tumbles the old Woman over, breaks the Jug, spills all the Drink, and breaks the Old Womans Shins into the Bargain. Whilst that he and the Hostess were lamenting each others Misfortune, the Fidler had planted his Case under his Coat, having clear'd the Magazeen, and left the bare Walls of the Crusty Castle standing upon the Shelf. The old Woman howl'd, *Andrew* look'd sad, down went her Stockins to look of her Shins, up goes *Merry Andrews* Sleeves, to look of his Elbows: At length, *Merry Andrew* pulling out some old Relicks of his Masters shop, applies a Plaister to the Old Womans Shins, and so pretendingly another to his own Elbows. The old Hostess being glad that she had so luckily met with Medicines for her Cure, agrees with *Andrew* for what he would have to leave Salve to Cure the Wounds he had wilfully made. At length they comply, where the Shot is paid with old decayed Drugs, with that *Andrew* calls for a Pot to drink his Hostess good Health, the Fidler plays, *Andrew* Sings, when

when ending their Liquor, they bid Adieu to their *Hostess*, leaving her to Plaister up all her Grievances. The Remainder of the Day following they spent in pleasantly *Laughing* at each others *Contrivance*, and their late excellent *Humours*, with which they they had so neatly gull'd their *Hostess*.

The Sun growing low, they drew nigh unto a Town, which *Merry Andrew* inquiring what place it was, found it to be a Corporation, where they had formerly had a Stage; with that applying himself to an Inn where his Master had lodged, the Tapster Greets him kindly, and they fell to drinking smartly; in the interim, in a Parson comes riding into the Inn, whom the Tapster show'd into a fair Room, and according to the usual Custom, asked him what he would be pleased to drink, or what he would have to Supper: but he proving to be one who lov'd Eating better than Drinking, bids the Tapster bring him a *Single Mug* of Ale, and get a Shoulder of Mutton for his Supper. The Tapster hastened to the Kitchen and tells them his Pleasure, which was accordingly fulfilled.

The Mutton being laid to the fire, the Tapster return'd to his old Acquaintance *Andrew*, where they sat drinking and discouraging

courfing of former Paflages, till the *Tapfter* was called to lay the Cloth, which he readily did. *Supper being brought up*, the Parfon *with ut the tedious Ceremony of a large Grace*, falls to famously. The *Tapfter* ftanding behind, *wifh'd him half Choak'd*, fearing he fhould have none left to Accomodate his old Acquaintance. The *Raging* of his Stomach is at length appeas'd; and Meat enough left to have fatisfied his Defire: But the Parfon forgetting the Scripture Phrafe, *takes as well care for his Breakfaft to Morrow, as his Supper to Night*; and orders the *Tapfter* to fet the Meat upon the Cupboards head in his Chamber, over which *being a very Large Looking-Glafs*. The *Tapfter* would fain have made an Excufe that he *might* in fome Measure oblige his Travelling Friend *Andrew*, telling the Parfon that the Room was haunted with Cats and Rats, and that if the Meat ftood there he wou'd not have a bit left by *Morning*: But the Parfon grew more mifttufful, *believing nothing could be fave out of his fight*, and orders it *to be fet there*, which was accordingly perform'd; and fpeaks to the *Tapfter* to bring him up another *Mug* of Bear, and then he would prepare for Bed.

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The *Tapster* makes haste to his old *Friend Andrew*, and acquaints him with the Business, Pox on't, crys *Andrew*, I have a *Trick* at fingers ends shall help us out, take a long piece of *Pack Thread* and make a slip Noose, and when you go in with the Drink slip it about the *Knuckle Bone*, and draw the *String* out of *Doors* after you : The *Tapster* took his *Frinds* Advice, and carrying in the *Beer* made an *Excuse* to the *Cupboard*, where fixing the *Project*, he goes out of the *Chamber*, leaving the *Parson* to take his *Natural Rest*. Down he goes to his *Friend*, where they *Laugh* and *Drink*, the *Musick* playing till towards *Midnight* ; At length, thinking of the *Supper* they had laid a *Trap* for, they went softly to the *Parsons Door*, where *Andrew* pulls the *String* gently, *Rattle* goes the *Dish*, *Cat, Cat Whore!* crys the *Parson*, which caus'd them to *Laugh* extremely. At length *Merry Andrew* gives the other *Pull*, down comes the *Meat* and *Dish* and all ; which the *Parson* hearing, takes the *Bed-Staff* and flings it furiously at the *Cat* as he *Imagin'd* ; *Rattle* goes the *Looking Glass*, he hearing the *Glass* broke, creeps into *Bed*, where he lay as quietly as a *Man* without a *Soul*. The *Tapster* and *Andrew* fell to the *Meat*, when having Eaten what they would, they know the

the Bones and lay them at the Door. Day-light coming on, the *Tapster* hastens to the *Parsons* Chamber, when coming to the Door, he crys, hey day what work is here now? *I*, I, replies the *Parson*; *Tapster* had I taken thy *Counsel* all had been well: When coming into the Room he spies the *Looking-Glass* broke, hey day why how comes this? Indeed good *Tapster* I did it; prithee know of thy *Mistress* the *Reckoning*, and what she must have for the *Glas*, which the *Tapster* as ready did; and brought this Account. *A Shoulder of Mutton and a Looking-Glass; with Bread and Beer; Twenty nine Shillings.* The *Parson* paid the *Reckoning*, and call'd for his *Horse*; but never staid to drink. The *Master* Laugh'd, the *Mistress* smil'd that her old fashioned *Glas* was turned into a new one; the *Tapster* Applauded *Andrews* Contrivance, and gave him *Money* at parting; to help to his Journeys end.

*Andrew* and his Friend *Crowder* go on their Progress in search of new Adventures; and it happened on a *Sundays Evening*, (for they made no scruple of times or Seasons) that they met upon a *Green* a merry Company of *Lads* and *Lasses*, and a *Fellow* playing on a *Fiddle*, made of the *Shoulder Bone* of a *Horse*: You cannot imagine, it sound-

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ded as well as a *Cremonia* Violin ; bet much better than a *Frying Pan* which they us'd to settle Bees with : When *Andrew* had view'd the Gamballing Medly of *Cat* and *long-Tail*, he thought it proper to put in for a Snack of this voluntary Mirth, and customary Vagaries. So throwing himself on his *Hands* walks into the *Forrest* of *Ignoramus* ; they seeing a Reversed Mortal were struck with Admiration, but when they heard his strilling Companion to exalt his *Treble*, they were then absolutely weather bound ; and could not tell what poynt of the *Compass* they should put their Leg forward in. The *Scraper* of the Village was then of no use, their old pleasure was now a pain ; and with all possible *Celerity* they begin to tune their Legs to those new *Harmonious* Notes they were surprized with. As the Minstril was charming, so was *Andrew* no less taking with his Frolicksome Demeanour. A she Animal of a *Dairy Maid* was unresistably captivated, she pursu'd him through all the *Hops* and *Jumps* of his Antick Postures, and at last prostrates her Affection ; by consenting that he should that Night not only take part of her Bed, but take possession of her Tenement of Flesh ; so ready a Compliance he willingly embrac'd : So home he Accompanies her, and to bed they

they go : No body need trouble their heads to know what *they* did *there*, but may expect what will come forty weeks after, tho' a shorter time will determine *this* Matter ; for before *Morning*, he Glutted with what *he* had never sought, took the Advantage of Wakefulness, and dressing himself, seiz'd all her Holy-Day Furniture as free Prize, leaving her naked to cover her Shame with the Apron of Repentance. His Companion in the mean while had plaid himself into a considerable Fortune, and was much troubled for *Andrew* to come and participate. It was not long before *he* had his Wish, and then they consulted their future Safety, which was lodg'd in the most expeditious Elcape they could make : It was resolv'd to change the *Countrey*, as well as the Air of that narrow Village.

'Tis a general reciv'd Opinion, that Men indispos'd have their Intervals of Ease and Pain ; and so have *these Travellers* the Mutability of Time and Chance, for what they have irregularly got : we shall see it as extravagantly spent in pleasing their own Humours. In few days all is expended in Brandy, and the worst Evil Women ; so that a new World, or a new Trade, must presently be found out to stop the Raging Furies of their intolerable Wants : But tho' *Andrew* wants

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Subsistence,

Subsistence, *he* wants no Confidence; especially when *he* is thrust on by the Extremity of Want, nor is it long before he meets with a Conveniency to improve his Talent in a small Village. In their way, as nothing could be a wrong Rode to them but the Gallows, or the Whipping Post; he chopt into the company of some Countrey Excise Men, who were much taken with his Gay and Drolling Humours, with whom he attain'd Admittance at a Town Dinner. In the beginning of their Tooth Combat, his Associate, the Crowder being pinch'd by that curs'd Vulture Hunger, lays his Wits abroad, and boldly ventures upon this Design. There was a Window to the Room they eat in, which look'd into a Garden, where one had hung his Cloak, Crowder gets a Ladder, thinking if he could not carry the Cloak off Smoothly, it should pass for a Jest; so sup he ascends to the Window, at his first Approach Andrew spies him; you damn'd Rogue cries he, will you still haunt me? So he took a Shoulder of Lamb and threw at his Head, and after that a penny Loaf, then starting from the Table, snatches a Bottle of Wine, and threw that too: the Fidler fell down and pull'd the Cloak after him: The Company busied to appease Andrew, minded not any Thing that pass'd, whilst

whilst the Fellow posted away with what he had got.

You must know this Tool of Musick was pawn'd to his Landlord for paying the Taylor for mending his tatter'd Breeches, which he instantly redeems; and hastens back again to the House: by the way he turns his Coat, and smuts his Face, and as soon as he Enters, strikes up a Flourish: and cries, Gentlemen, will you have any Musick? Andrew glad of this Opportunity falls a shaking of his Heels, the Company growing pretty warm, were easily induced to the Matter; and admire the many merry and unlucky Pranks of these two unknown Companions. Amongst other Frolicks they contrive a New Way of drinking a Health, with taking a Table a little bigger than a Joynt Stool, and turing up the Frame, the Fidler was to begin: Andrew seeing a bundle of Pitchforks makes ready for Hay Season; takes four of them, and by the help of four more in the Company, fixes the Forks at the four Corners of the Frame, and so lifts up the Table with the Fidler in it like a Pulpit; the Glass went about, and every Man was mounted in his Turn: This Sport produced great Laughter, at which the Landlady of the House having a mind to know the Cause of it, came in, Andrew had it presently in his

*Head, Oh Mistress!* says he, you are come to Crown the Invention ; up you must go, she Laughs and refuses ; but the Guests *being big Flown* nothing will excuse her Compliance with them in that Frolick. In she is put, and then hoysted up, the *Crowder begins a Health with a stamp*, she was to end it ; so when it came to her (she being a *Sociable Hostess*) did as they did, gave a *strong stamp*, at which the Lid of the *Table* came off, and she slip through with *Coats* up to her Armpits, and tho' she made great speed to acquit her self, yet there was a *plain Discovery*. Now he is the *Only Man who can shew the most Extravagant Fancy* ; *Hats, Periwigs and Coats* are thrown about, at the same time the Musick is very generously rewarded, who in return of *Thanks* will shew them one *Trick more: he takes ones Hat, anothers Perrwig, a thirds Coat, and so fantastically Accouters Himself*, but when he had *Mimiēt or Scharamoucht* as long as he thought fit, he very smoothly play'd himself down Stairs, and then goes the back *Way* to his Lodging, where he undisguised himself, and by turning his *Coat* the right side outward, is become in all Appearance another Man. The Blades he left are full of Expectation what the Event of his Conceit will be ; at last weary  
with



with expecting of his Return, Inquiry was made, but no such Man could be heard of. *Andrew Rants*, they Curse, none suspecting *That they knew one another.* Night coming on Every one betook himself to his Journey home, *The Catastrophy proving not agreeable to the first part of their Jollity.*

The next Project is to disincomber themselves of the Goods they have got by slight of hand and foot, their Landlord hearing them grumble ; *I can't carry the Cloak :* Says one, *Nor I the Cote* says t'other, *Would we had Money for them,* say they both, proffers to buy them, if they would part with 'em upon reasonable Terms. Their Demands are accepted and the money laid down. Early in the Morning they left the Town, and the great Road ; venturing upon a by-way to prevent any pursuit after them, and as they met with various Paths they chang'd their way, and after an hour or two's labour in sweat and dirt, and often wishing and looking for any house where they might refresh their Craving Stomachs, they could discover none, but the nearest thing that Humane Creatures frequent is a Wind-mill, to which they repair with all the Vigour their fainting Spirits would allow

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them ;

them; Groaning, Puffing and Cursing,  
 they arrive at the Thiefs Castle, expecting  
 no Succour there more than to be instructed  
 in their way to the nearest Village. At  
 the foot of the Ladder or payr of Stayrs,  
 they called Miller, and then honest Friend,  
 though at the same time they knew 'twas a  
 Lye, yet adding Dissimulation, their con-  
 stant Companion, and what all the World  
 knows is a proper and useful Partner to the  
 Cheating Trade of a Miller, they Repeated  
*Hey frem above there! Good Man!* but all in  
 vain, says *Andrew* it may be the Thief's run  
 away from his Castle; so by joyn'd Con-  
 sent they Ascend the Lader, where upon  
 the Platform they find the Governour of  
 the Windy Meal Box asleep on his Back,  
*they jogg'd him, pull'd him, spoke to him, no*  
*Answer was made, nor sign of Waking;* but  
 prying nearer into the Business he proves  
 to be knock'd down by some potent *Liquor*,  
 and there lies like a Hogshead of dead  
 Beer. Let him Snore on says *Crowdero*,  
 I am for making a privy Search what his  
 Whirligigg house affords and in walks he :  
*Peeping about, he first sees a Housewifes Cake*  
*brought there by some who gave him Toll of her Corps,*  
*and he excused them of their Meal:* And now  
 finding a Stone Bottle, to which he claps  
 his

his Nose, took a lusty Draught of Brandy ; the other lays his *Hand* on a Wooden Can, upon whose Lid lay a slice of boil'd Bacon, they both fell to, and with a ravenous Dexterity devour'd all Eatable ; or fit to Drink , and between them fill the emptied Bottle with Piss ; but their Roguery could not end here. A new Consultation is held what is to be done with the intranced Beast ; *Mischief never wants quick Invention*, they take a Sack and draw under his Back, then tie the two Ends together, and fasten them to a Rope, which hangs down on purpose to draw up Sacks of Corn to Grind, or let down the Meal ; they pull him a good way from the Stairs, then turning the Beam they lower him within Eight or Nine Foot of the Ground, and post away, leaving him to swing himself awake.

You may think it was not the easiest Lodging that ever he had, therefore could not remain there long asleep. In a short time he awakes, and cannot tell what he should be a doing, he could not call it Riding nor going on Foot ; in a little space he found out *what Posture he was in*, but *how he came so*, was his greatest Wonder ; he can

see no body to call to, nor did expect any body to come there that Day, by Reason he had in the Morning taken his Work in for the *Morrow*: his Truss began to hurt and he thinks, that his hanging by another part *would be now his best Remedy*. Something must be done and that quickly, the Knot could not be untied, *wherefore he puts his Hand into his Pocket, and draws his Knife, and without further Consideration cuts the Rope,* down comes he Neck and Shoulders, and but that he was reserved for a worse Fate, must undoubtedly have broke his Crag, where we leave him crawling up the Ladder of his Destiny, and return to our Travellers, who are falling out about what they should have for Dinner, before they knew where to have it. By and by they reach a Town, and into a House goes Andrew, conceals his Animosity till his Belly was full, and they gone to Bed: His Companion falls fast asleep whose Pocket he Ransacks, and in the Morning with the Truckle Bed-Cord, ties him down in the Bed, ~~takes out~~ his Fiddle, cuts out the Belly piece and Shits in it, so marches away resolving now to set up once more for himself.

*Merry Andrew* being parted from his crowding Companion, takes hearty Courage, resolving with himself no longer to loose his time in hunting the Wild-Goose Chase; bethinks himself doing something Meritorious, whereby his Name may become famous to Posterity. In pursuit of which, he resolves with himself that at the next Countrey Town he should arrive at, to take upon him to be a Man of Learning, Resolving all manner of Astrological Questions whatsoever: when climbing up to the High Rope of Invention, to find some lofty Title suitable and agreeing with his new Profession, his Brains running the Maze, for some far-fetch'd Pedegree; at length he styles himself by the Name of *Andreugio Guillelmo Philippo* the Italian Fortune Teller. Being come to the easie Top of a Neighbouring Hill, looking earnestly about, he descries a pleasant Village, Scituated by a Rivers side not many Furlongs distance, when sitting down upon a Bank, he cleaned his Shoes, and combed his Hair, intending that as he had changed his Name, to change his Countenance too, and so put on Gravity.



Being come into the Town, and entered his Hostesses Acquaintance, he breaks to her his Intentions, desiring to know of her, *whether a Stranger and a Traveller, might find a Reception suitable to his Art and Parts*; she candidly delivered her Mind, telling him, that a Man of his Worth and Knowledge, could not miss of Practice answerable to dignity of Quality; and withal thinking it might prove very Advantageous to her self, to promote his Interest. Our new made Fortune Teller, finding himself so kindly Entertained by his Landlady, and that he had so fair a Prospect of Success in his new Intrigue, calls for Liquor plentifully, *knowing the only way to get Esteem amongst the Countrey people, is to shew himself Liberal in his Quarters*. Having drunk himself to a reasonable pitch, he begins to grow Amorous, pretending a more than ordinary Kindness to one *Isabella*, with whom he was Kissing and Toying all the Evening, till such time as the Hour grew seasonable for Rest. Having overperswaded the Wench with his *Cantering Rhetorick*, to make promise that she would come to bed to him, as soon as the House was cleared of all the Guests, and her Aunt and the rest of the Servants were in bed,

bed if he would leave the Door upon the Latch; upon which our new Coujurer quietly betook himself to his Apartment, and is with eager Expectation waiting for his Mistress.

But his Brains being somewhat stupified, partly with Drink, and partly with his Days Travel, he had not been in Bed long before he fell into a Slumber; the young Buxom Lais who was earnest for the Enjoyment of her new Lover, lifts gently up the Latch, and prying into the Room perceiv'd him to be asleep, and immediately returns to listen if her Aunt and the rest of the Family were in Bed: She leaving open the Door, thinking then she might enter with less Noise or Suspicion, in the interim, a great Grey-Hound, whose Custom was to make use of Chairs, Stools, Beds, or any easie Lodging, rather than lay his thin gutted Carcase on the Floor, walks softly into the Room: Our Friend being between sleeping and waking calls to mind his Mistresses Promise, and crys out, *Ab my Dear!* and Addressing himself to the Bed side, the loving Cur according to his natural Kindness does Lick and Tongue this hot Brained Lover, when clasping his Arms about his Neck, he crys, *My Dear!*  
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*my Delight ! let me Embrace thee once in my Arms, to Bed, to Bed my Love, lose now no time; the fawning Beast expected not all this Courtship to his wonted Lodging, but leaping upon the Bed, he Embrac'd him fast about the Middle, when finding his Talions scratch'd his Posteriors, he Shriek'd out, and upon the Noise, the Dog left the Chamber, having taken down the Courage of his Leacherous Bedfellow. Andrew trembles and quakes, and thinks it is a Judgment upon him for pretending to that he understood not; but the Noise hearing, Alarm'd the House, up comes the Maid with a Candle, Where? Where? Looking to the Door he sees his frightened Companion shaking his Tail, the Maid demanded the Cause of all the Noise, nothing replys the Conjuror, but a Familiar that I used to have converse with me about things that are lost grew a little troublesome to me; the harmless Maid departs to bed, Leaving him and his hrt Zeal to be finished some other time.*

*Next Morning the Landlady begins to publish and applaud the Art and Learning of her Guest; his Name was no sooner spread through the Town, but a Gentleman coming to bait at that Inn, as he was Traveling*

ing the Rode, had stoln from him a neat Setting Dog, who making his Complaint to the Landlady, telling her he did not care what it cost him, so he could but recover him ; gave present order to have him Cry'd throughout the Town, but could hear no Tidings of him.

Our Astrologer *having been in the Yard to Ease himself* and returning up a back pair of Stairs to his Chamber, he heard a Bustle in an adjoyning Closet, peeping through a hole, he saw something shagged, *but what sort of Creature he could not plainly discern.* Going into his Chamber, he could not discern any way into the Closet, till casting *his Eye under the Bed, he perceived the Bottoms of a Door, where removing the Bed, he found an old Trunk, wherein lay muffled this lost Setter ;* which he no sooner saw, but posts down Stairs, where he found the Landlady and her Travelling Guest hot in Dispute about the Dog, and which was the most probable way to retrieve him : The good Woman Recollecting her Memory, calls to mind her *New Lodger, informing the Gentleman of his great Art and Skill in Astrology, and discovering of things lost, immediately he was call'd, and after the Gentleman had paid his*  
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Respects to him in a Glass of Wine, he told him that if by his Art he could discover where his Dog Tray was, he *should be Nobly Rewarded*: he embraced the Offer, and going into his Chamber with Pen, Ink and Paper he presently erected a Scheme, and making a Circle in the Room, he Thrice waved his Wand round his Head; speaking some hard words he had stolen from the Bowels of an old Play; which no sooner was perform'd, but Elevating his Voice, he calls out, *Canis; Canis, Canis*, being so well learn'd to understand what was Latin for a Dog; this long Ceremony was ended, he desires the Gentleman to withdraw, telling him in few Hours the Dog would come flying into the House. When Releasing the Dog from his close Confinement, having taken good notice of the Room whereto the Gentleman was withdrawn, he crept up to the Top of the House, and finding the Chimney of the Apartment, having provided a large Cracker for this his Lofty Design, whilst the Gentleman sate below in the Height of Merriment, over'oy'd he should once more behold his dear Game Companion, he gave fire to the Cracker, which he had tyed to his Tail, and tumbled him howling down the Chimney; his shaggy Carcase beat down all the  
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the soot into the Room, which struck such a Terror into the Beholders, that they all Cryed out, believing he had rais'd a *Devil* he could not lay again. The poor Gentleman being a man of no Extraordinary Courage, through Panick fear let his Brains fall into his breeches, that, what with the stinking of the Soot, and the Excremental savour from the Gentlemans short hose, they thought the Dog had come from *Pluto's* Territories.

The Storm being allayed, and the smoky Clouds vanish'd, the Gentleman departed, rewarding liberally, and highly applauding this ingenious Artist.

His Fame now rung loud in the Ears of all the Inhabitants, the young Fry came tumbling far and near, some for lost Spoons, Bockins and Thimbles, Butlers for Plates and Napkins, stol'n at Festivals; Young silly Maids to know their Sweethearts, Widows for Husbands, Batchellours for Wives, which they expected could be done by this famous Negromancer.

He being in the height of his New Preferment, hears of a Quack or Mountebank,

*Who*

*Who was coming to invade his Territories,* which set his Brains to work, running the flip flap one over another, to invent some Stratagem whereby he might Expose this New Imposter to the Scorn and Contempt of the Rout.

The next Market-day appears the Strolling Doctor, who had ordered a Stage to be Erected, which was supported by Two Buffet-Stools, which our Conjuring Artift no sooner saw, but he went immediately to the Tapster, desiring him to help him to an Ingenious Lad, that would attend him that day for his Credit sake, he being resolved to Face that *New Upstart*; who recommended to him a witty pregnant Boy, who was not long in learning his Lesson, and fit to undertake such an Enterprize:

The fam'd Astrologer being Mounted on a Steed, borrow'd of his Landlord, rode into the Market-place, attended by his Servant, when approaching the Stage, where he beheld his Rival with Eyes full of Indignation, thus deliver himself to the People.

*I am Gentlemen a Traveller, Born in the Country of Hungaria.*

Yes

Yes replies our Astrologer you look like a Hungarian Fellow indeed. *What sawcy Jack are you?* answers the Doctor, *who dare Affront me, knowing neither my Learning nor Authority. I am that famous Artist who Cured the Bishop of Munster of the Toothach, and by Vertue of this my rare Elixer, the Great Cham of Tartary of the Cramp in his Tongue.*

*As for your Learning and Authority I know not replies Andrew, how I should understand them, by reason you never had any, and as for your Medicines they are all a Cheat, and you a Quack; And that I will prove, for know Gentlemen That I am that rare Artist which I will make good before you all. For if he be that famous Artist which he says he is, Behold I will fall down and Worship him, but if that honour does belong to me, he then shall fall before me.*

His new Servant having perform'd his part, and fixt a Rope to the Doctors stall, tyes the other end to his Master's Horses Leg, and gives the sign. The Conjuror rides round, down comes the Stage with the Doctor, at which the People shouted, the Boys hollowed, and with a loud Applause Extoll'd the Conjuror, whilst they pelted the other into his Inn with Carrets and

E                      Turnip

Turnip Tops. *Andrew* is thus become publickly Eminent, with the Ruine of his Competitor, and though highly Extoll'd in the Opinion of the People, an After-Clap from cross Fate fell upon him, to the utter Discredit of his Mysterious Art of Fortune-Telling.

A Person passing through the Town at the same time, discovered him to the Multitude for a Notorious Cheat, many Laugh'd at the ingenious Prank he played the Doctor, but finding out his Roguery, the Countenance of their Pleasure was quickly changed, and he forc'd to fly the Town.

As tis impossible for a Man to live without Food, so it was for him to live without Invention: As he was Travelling the Rode, he met with a good Countrey House-Wife having upon her Arm a Basket of Apple Pyes, Custards, and such like Things as please Children; he very jocondly steps to her, and says, Good Woman what have you in your Basket? Pyes Sir says she, with that turning up the Cloth he handles the Womans Commodities, and by Slight of Hand conveys one into his Pocket, then pretends to the Woman her Pyes were not good, saying,

ing to her, they are Tuff, and not well baked : I'll shew you a Pye I *bought at the last Towns End*, and with that falls a Eating the pilfer'd Pye, giving her to bite, to see if she liked it.

The Woman *being too Credulous*, was easily perswaded to allow what he said ; he seeing her a good likely Woman, was resolved his Design should-not end so, but taking her by the *Hand*, tells her that if she would go to the next *House* to drink, he would take a Taste of her *Things*. The Woman being willing to vend her *Goods*, goes with him, when coming to the *House*, he finds it well furnished with Children, *taking bold of the Basket*, he gave every Child one, saying, I will be your Chapman, thank you Sir, cries the Woman, this is a *Lucky Morning*, show us a Room, and cries *Andrew*, and bring us in two Pots.

The Woman of the *House being mightily* taken with the Good Nature of her Guest, brings them a Rasher of Bacon also ; He by his Insinuation got an absolute Conquest over their Good Opinions, and tipling to a pitch, he *taking the Advantage of his Landladies blind side*, wriggles himself into her Ac



quaintance, and whilst she stept into the Pantry to carry away the Bread, he follows his Project, *making* the Pye Woman measure his Rowling Pin. The Loving Landlady *coming* in, he pretends to make water, where *going* forth of the Doors, he leaves the poor Pye woman, and his Landlady equal Partners in the Reckoning. So hastening away he got that Night to *London*, where he could not long want a New Subject for his unwearied Fancy to work upon:

Being Arrived at *London*, it is not to be disputed but that he continues as much a *Vagabond* as ever, and Rambles into all Quarters of the Town to find an Anvil to Forge some new *Roguary* upon; and very opportunely a *Stratagem* offer'd it self, *which was*, he casting his Eyes upon a Fellow who stood *peeping* behind a Porch; began to consider what was his *Business*, he was not long in *Apprehending* what his watchful *Posture* meant; but without any more ado, in his *Thoughts* pronounc'd him a Bayliff, as he really was. He did not take much time to deliberate what w<sup>r</sup>s to be done, but steps to him, and says Friend, you have lost; what? replies the Setter, your Man, says  
*Andrew,*

*Andrew*, through the Backside of the---  
and there paus'd, what through the *Miter*?  
cryes the fellow, I, says *Andrew*, his Master  
is gone with him, Not Mr. *Hedgley*, Yes,  
yes, says *Andrew*, and I know where they  
are gone, pray (says the Dog) go Friend  
with me to the Plaintiff and tell him what  
you know, and saw; wirhal my heart says  
he, I want Employment and consequently  
Money, you shall be rewatded then says  
the Setter.

Away they go to a Tavern hard by,  
and there the Bayliffs Man tells what *Andrew*  
had said, the Plaintiff tells him, if he  
will assist the Officer in taking this Man, he  
shall have half a Piece; *Andrew* told him,  
it was but a small price for Bone-setting and  
Plaisters, for that must be Expected, the  
Persons being *Dangerous Men*. Ther'es a  
Crown says the Plaintiff, and when you  
have finish'd I will not be ungrateful.

O but Sir, says *Andrew*, a Whore and a  
Bailiff are Callings alike; and neither of  
'em is well performed if they have not  
Money in hand; 'tis the Legs of their Cal-  
ling, for Souls they have none. Upon this  
the Plaintiff advanc'd the other Crown,

Well Sir, says *Andrew* I'll pledge you---  
a mouthful of food would do well in the  
End.

After he had well liquor'd his Throat,  
away they Trance about their Man-Eating.  
*Andrew* was an Exact Geographer of all the  
By-Alleys, and secret passages in that part  
of the Town; so leading them thro' many  
intricate Turnings, he plants them in an  
Alehouse, with telling them he will make  
private inspection, and if you doubt me,  
see what House I enter : though they are  
naturally Credulous, they believe him with  
so much Caution that a Centinel is placed  
upon him, which he is not insensible of,  
which made him more Circumspect and  
quick in his dispatch.

Through the Yard they were to pass ran  
a deep Common Shore, the Sink of the  
Neighbouring Houses of Office : He un-  
props the Door which lay over it, and when  
he had done, gets over on a post that lay  
cross, and comes out again. They are safe  
lodg'd says *Andrew*, and when you see me  
in again, and give the Sign by pulling off  
my hat two or three times, ran in with all  
speed, the quicker and thicker you come  
the

the more sure it will be. With that away goes he, and no sooner is he over but the Signal is given : they bolt out of the House, striving who should get first in. Coming in that hast and fury all at once on the Brink they all fell in : *Andrew* steps through the House, leaving them to disengage themselves of the Common Shore, and their stinking Unguent.

Tho he has *Thriv'd* in this Enterprize, 'tis to be believ'd That he is not *Infallible*, but may miscarey some other time, as the Sequel of the Action to come will demonstrate. The Bailiffs are *Cross bit*, but now comes his part upon the Stage.

Crossing the Fields he met a willing *Pinace* her Rigging Fresh and Serviceable, and the boat seemed to swim finely *without crying* ; So ho, to the boats Crew : he grapples with her ; she willing to stand the same Course as he stood, tacks and Sayls with him ; they put into the most convenient Port for their Traffick ; resolving to make but a short Voyage.

They are now in Harbour, where he intends to give himself to dalliance, whilst his Accomplice is as ready as he is urgent. Several indearing expressions pass, they  
Imbrace

**Imbrace** (*only the outward way*) in this *loving* Conflict you will find that they like **water Men**, look'd the way they were not *a going*: To be brief, she fathom'd the bottom of his **Pocket Wealth**, for what he then had was his **All**.

After this she could deny him nothing, and that which he took for a Singular Favour, and more particular Expression of her warm Affections, was only to conceal the Cheat she had put upon him, *and prevent* his enquiring into the Strength of *his Pockets*. When *Andrew* had drank her as he thought a Note beyond Discretion, he was then to play the latter part of the Game, which was to leave her for the Reckoning; and to render his Escape less suspicious he *wanted* not Excuse to go out, nor was she *unwilling*, who *thought* it would be a lucky Minute; wherein she should hear that her Gallant was run away from her, and his Purse; which he accordingly did. She no sooner found him gone but the house is paid, and she betakes her self to Shelter. He had not been as he imagin'd long in Security, but having an Occasion to consult his Pockets, with Grief and Amazement he found that his Money was all gone; which put him



him into such a frantick Fit, that he runs over all places as a Wild Bull, that thinks himself rob'd of his dear Mulls.

At Nine of the Clock at *Night* he stumbles into a *Church Yard*, where going into the *Porch* to rest himself, he sits down on a Drunken Sea Man, , who had lately receiv'd his Ticket-money ; he *was* something startled at first, but being Fearless by Despair, he dives into the then dead Mans Treasure, which was no less at that Instant ; but because it was no Jest without doubling his Milchief, he took the debauch'd Salt water Fish on his Back, and carried him to the Church Gate, where stood a pair of Stocks, and putting his Legs into the Holes, claps down the Top piece, and leaves him, to sleep himself into Freedom, and another Voyage.

Having thus clear'd himself of his debauch'd Companion, he resolves once more to take the Air, and make a Visit to an old Acquaintance of his a Joyners Wife, who had formerly been his Intimate and familiar Friend, she living not above ten Miles from the City. Setting forth at break of Day, that he might have the Pleasure of the Morning, he march'd  
till

till he came within four *Miles* of the place, when drawing near to a *House of Entertainment* he calls for Drink, but there being no body up in the *House* but a little Girl, she was loth to let him in : So he travels forward, and *having pass'd the bounds of a Warren*, it was not long e're he came to a Thatch'd Tenement, where in the *Confines of a little Orchard*, his hawks Eye discovered a parcel of Poultry ; his Stomach craving for Food he resolves to have a hollow Bit, when taking up a Stone, and making Advantage of the Hedge, he turn'd up the Heels of a she Cackler, and sitting down in the bottom of the Ditch he pull'd forth his Knife, and for hast fleas off both the Skin and Feathers, throwing away all Superfluities, he dissects every par and ties it up in an old *Handkerchief*. Comeing into the same *House*, he enquires after his familiar way, how their Neighbour Handsaw, the Joyners Wife did, and whether they thought she might be at home ? Yes, says the Good Woman ; having sent a Messenger to speak with her, he calls for Drink, telling his silly Hostels that Travelling over the Warren he had bought a Rabbit, desiring her to lend him her Pan to fry it. The woman would willingly have cook'd it her self, but he desirous to do it his own way, tells her he

in-

intended a Frigacy; which the good *Countrey Soul* understood not: As soon as the Frigacy was ready; in came his old Acquaintance, whom he saluted by the Name of Cousin; the *Hostess* little thinking how she was cou-sened by him, they sit down at the Table where having fed lustily he drinks to his *Hostess*, Asking of her how she like't his way of dressing a Rabbit; very well Answers the good Wife, I have not Eaten a sweeter bit. He finding no Opportunity there to renew his former Acquaintance with his Cozen, discharges the Reckoning and goes home with her to her own house, Carrying a Pitcher of Liquor with them that they might have no Occasion to send out. Being merrily disposed and their Appetites heightned by the late stollen Collation, they begin to make use of what Nature gave them, The Good Man her *Husband* who was hard at Work abroad, little thought that his Wife was Cornuting him at home, but it being now *Twelve* returns to Dinner; and knocking earnestly at the Door put the Lovers into a Fit of an Ague, She neither knowing where to Conceale him, or he how to Escape. As a Womans Wit is always good at a Pinch, she claps him up the Chimney, and goes to the door, where

where she receives her *Husband* with a flatter-  
 ing Smile, whilst he posts to the Cup-  
 board, and finding some Porridge resolves  
 to heat 'em for his Dinner, Scolding and  
 Cursing his Wife for not making a Fire.  
 Hastening to his Work house, he brings an  
 Arm full of Shavings, and with the Candle  
 set them a blazing. *Andrew* finding his  
 Shoes begin to fry and his Legs scorch, con-  
 siders it was better to be well Cudgelled  
 for his Lecherous Designs, than stay there  
 and be burn'd. Thus resolved, he jumps  
 down, and not seeing which way he went,  
 fell with one Leg into the Porridge. The  
 poor Man seeing this party Coloured Ghost,  
 flies out of the Doors, his Wife after him,  
 telling him it was a just Judgment upon him  
 for Cursing and Swearing. Whilst these  
 Two were Arguing, *Merry Andrew* made his  
 Escape at the Back-door, over joyed at his  
 so happy Deliverance. *Where I shall now*  
*leave him to pursue his Rambling Phancy.*

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